Sketches
of the
Lives and Characters
of Men who,
having in my time belonged to
Newspapers,
have risen to stations of
greater or less
Eminence.
Written chiefly from
Personal Knowledge.

1872 See Hansard

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O'Loghlen
Talfourd
Hansen
Barrow
Parker
Hayward
Campbell
Stuart
Michaeli
Bulwer H.
Tuiff
Haghtt
Bacon
Foster
Chadwick

Disraeli
Lowe Robert
Hill, Davenport

If I have in these papers stated anything incorrectly, it may be untrue, but not compltly so. Most of what I have said has been from my own knowledge.

O'Loghlen, Sir Michael

I do not know how or why this Irish gentleman was brought so forward as to be made Master of the Rolls in his own country. His parentage might be good but I never heard it, and his employment on newspapers could hardly have contributed to his advancement. For five or six years while he was studying for the Irish bar he was employed as a parliamentary reporter on a now long extinct newspaper called the British press then under the conduct and, I believe, proprietorship of another Irishman & his wife, of the name of Lane: Mrs Lane was at that time stated to have the principal control of the undertaking, which was never flourishing, and paid the persons employed upon it at a lower rate than the Times or the Chronicle. O'Loghlen did nothing in the way of editorship & was not brought into contact with

the leading men of any party: even the Irish members did nothing for the newspaper.

On, or rather before the demise of the British Press O'Doghlen disappeared from the gallery and was next heard of at the bar of his own country. He was, I think, never called to the English bar by any Inn of Court. He was a short stout and rather coarse looking man, with a rough ~~pockmarked~~ dark complexion and a somewhat forbidding expression. He held but little intercourse with any body, and as far as I know, never indulged in the conviviality, at one time common among newspaper men, especially the Irish. He was very reserved, and devoted himself to his duties.

After his return to Dublin he married a Miss Kelly and his first son was born in 1819. He had considerable success at the Irish bar, but how he became M.P for Clare I do not know, but it was said that

O'Connel was his great friend. He was first knighted & then baronetted before he was appointed Master of the Rolls, in 1837 and in which office he died in 1842. He was always a heavy speaker, but a ~~good~~ good man of business and a zealous supporter of the Roman Catholics.

of Horace Twiss was an actress, the sister of Mrs Siddons and of John & Charles Kemble; and she brought her son into the world in the very middle of the French Revolution. We were therefore of about the same age.

The first time I ever saw Horace Twiss was at a debating Society which met at the Globe ~~tav~~ tavern in Fleet Street called, I think, the Academics, where they late John Adolphus, a very clever man of the name of Brownlay (belonging to the Times newspaper) Gale Jones, & a tedious lawyer ~~orator~~ of the name of George were the chief speakers. There too Horace Twiss used to hold

forth with sufficient fluency, and, as I thought, more than sufficient confidence. He aimed at all the externals, and internals too, of a great speaker; & in order to attract more attention, and to keep his auditors all in front of him, he used to speak from the very bottom of the large room, where, perhaps, from 50 to 100 persons were assembled to hear the debate upon some temporary and prominent question. As might be expected from his maternity, if not from his paternity, he studied not a little stage-effect, but I always thought him dull and heavy & bestowing so much admiration on himself that he was comparatively indifferent as to that of other people. At this date he must have

been ~~considerably~~ under twenty, so that he had begun ~~to~~ speak almost before he could have begun to think.

Some men are too much orators to be thinkers, and others too much thinkers to be orators. Hence it is that many orators are much more abundant in words than they are rich in thoughts, out of which, ~~in fact~~, words ought to grow.

In due time (but when I do not know ~~[illegible]~~ but several years before me) Horace Twiss was called to the Bar; and I remember seeing him, with some envy, in his Wig and Gown: my notion is that he first endeavoured to get into practice

in Chancery, but I am not sure that he did not go the Oxford Circuit. How he contrived it, I do not know, but he got into Parliament before he got into business at the bar: he represented Wotton Basset, and must ~~h~~ at that time have relied upon the Tory interest. It was said that the Duke of Wellington stood his friend and as a political aspirant Twiss was next seen upon the Treasury bench as Under Sec. of State for the Colonies.

I cannot call to mind when and on what question he delivered his maiden speech but at this date his friends & some of his enemies thought he would turn out

a good debater and a useful underling of the Ministry. He had always somewhat of a pompous delivery but fluent and his sentences well rounded. He was considered to have failed in a great attempt he made upon the Roman Catholic claims; but I have no parliamentary history to guide me as to dates and other circumstances. Twiss was at the height of his glory when he had a house on Richmond Terrace and when the Duke of Wellington & the rest of the Ministers dined with him.

His first descent from this eminence was, I apprehend, the loss of his seat for Wootton Bassett, though I am not sure whether some nobleman did not take enough interest in

him to get him returned for some other borough. However his parliamentary career was at an end, and as he had relinquished the bar when he entered the H. of C. he endeavoured in vain to recur to Courts of Law, and for some time shifted as well as he could for a living. Whether he had any and what family I never heard. At this date he had long given up my acquaintance, though I used occasionally to see him at C. Kemble's (his uncle) and at one or two other tables.

At about this date, poor as he was he used to carry himself very high among his acquaintance, and talked of again getting into Parliament and making a figure in the H. of C. He was weak and

vain and sometimes had been a good deal laughed at even by his influential friends. I have somewhere a note wch he wrote to me when he was in office; but I forget what it was about.

He had published a small vol. in 1814 which he called "Posthumous Parodies" in which he paid court and compliments to all the leading Tories, especially those in the H. off. but it did him harm rather than good: it was unquestionably clever, but just not clever enough; and it was said at the time that he sent round copies to all the people of distinction there celebrated with slips of paper inserted at the pages where they were flattered. I do not

quite believe this, but it is possible; and many years ago I was shewn a copy of the book with such slips inserted, but they may have been placed there by an enemy; & the man who shewed it to me was certainly no friend to Twiss. The trifle was in prose & verse, and the prose quite as good as the verse, being imitations of the styles of Addison & Johnson. Parodies can never rise higher than third or fourth rate, but the verse was flowing & some of it as good as Tom Moore was in the habit of sending to the Times & Chronicle; but then Moore did not write parodies.

Horace Twiss's last employment was, in my opinion, the greatest mortification of all. Not being able to persuade Ministers to give him a place

at home or abroad (they had made other disappointed men Commissioners, ~~or~~ sub-secretaries &c) he went to the Times and asked Mr Walter, the Proprietor, to give him employment ~~on the newspaper~~. It so happened that the newspaper was then in want of a person to give a daily summary of the proceedings in the House of Commons, and this, with a salary of six guineas a week was offered to Twiss and accepted by him. He was not however required to sit among the ordinary reporters of speeches, but by favour, having been once an M. P. he was allowed to sit exactly behind the clock in what, I think, was called the Speakers' Gallery, to which people were specially admitted by tickets. Here Twiss sat for several years, scribbling away

at the abridgement of every important speech, much in the same way as was done by Henry Bulwer for the M. Chronicle; only Bulwer being at the time a member of the House, he could supply a sketch ~~particulars~~ of what passed in debate & while strangers (among whom was Twiss) were excluded.

Twiss then earned a very hard livelihood in connexion with the Times in daily, or rather nightly, sight of the very men under whom he had once served as their equal & companion. His hair, from a youthful brown, turned quite white; and really on many accounts his situation and appearance were pitiable. Still he worked on & worked hard, for he was obliged to sit in his most obvious seat from the

meeting to the rising of the House of Commons. Latterly from being a large hale man, he became thin and infirm: he could endure his employment no longer; indeed he became comparatively unfit for its arduous duties, and he destroyed himself by poison, I forget how many years ago. It was given out that he died from angina pectoris, and so it truly was: he could support life no longer, & he laid down the burden.

Twiss, Horace

Of all the men I ever knew, connected with Newspapers, Horace Twiss was perhaps the most to be compassionated for the disappointment he experienced: no man ever let "a fair occasion go for ever by" so dyastrously. He was the son, I think, of Richard Twiss who in 1775 published a book upon Ireland & the Irish, which so excited the enmity of all parties, & especially of the ladies, that to testify their contempt the bottoms of certain chamber utensils, which need not be farther particularised, were ornamented with his portrait and his name. The mother

by writing small articles &c on the subject to the Morning Chronicle. I saw many of them myself but the writing was so incorrect even as to mere grammar that, as Black warned me, they must always be carefully looked over before they were printed. Chadwick even confounded the verb has and the conjunction as; and I long kept by me several notes in which the blunder was made, but I lately destroyed them. I have sometimes had to rewrite his articles entirely. As the M. C. Office was near Somerset House, where the Poor-law Board sat, the communication was frequent and easy, whenever the officials wanted information or articles published: now & then, though rarely, they were written by Brougham in his own rough hand but generally by Chadwick as Secretary and Editor.

He has friends, who are well to do in the world & he has been lately been enabled, like

not a few others to add C. B to his name: ~~he~~ at the last election he put up to be M. P. for some Scotch burghs but they rejected him. In his early days he used to be very humble and obliging and had a coadjutor in his police duties of the name of Thomas Haynes, brother to James Haynes, the author of a tragedy called "The Bridal" (I think) and for some years theatrical critic to the Morning Chronicle. Thomas Haynes was a very ~~mer~~ cheerful, I may jolly, companion, and a favourite with every body: nobody personally liked Chadwick, especially after he assumed consequence as Secretary to the Poor-law Board. He then became as haughty as he before was subservient; and if he spoke to ~~my~~ any of his old companions, it was always with an air of condescension. I never had any intercourse with him but of an official kind.

the society of fellow-reporters at supper houses and even in billiard rooms. In the latter respect I was often too much an offender & Campbell had a cousin who was seldom out of a billiard room than kept by a man of the name of Smith in Chancery Lane.

Campbell did not put on wig & gown until he had been five years entered as a student and it was during this period that I saw most of him. He at that time added to his small finances by reporting: after his call he at once cut all his previous employments, and most of his previous friends. He kept up a certain degree of acquaintance with me and we sometimes dined together. After a long interval of non-recognition, in 1858 he very generously gave me the benefit of his ancient reminiscences in a way that was most useful to me. I had then not spoken to him for perhaps 20 years

What gave him his first start in life was that whole on the

home circuit, which he chose, he had ~~agreed~~ agreed with a newspaper to furnish it with accounts of any interesting trials that occurred. It struck him that judges at *nisi prius*, and even in some criminal trials, often had to decide points of law, and that their opinions upon these points were often valuable as precedents for other judges, while at the same time they would be of little public interest. On this account he took careful notes of what fell from the bench and when he returned to London he put the cases into form, taking care to ~~render~~ render his reports as brief as was consistent with intelligibility. These a law-bookseller willingly printed and they were eagerly bought by the profession. In this way he established himself a name, but that very circumstance cut short his labours, but he was of course not sorry for it, as briefs poured in upon him instead and he long he obtained a very considerable practice.

He then by degrees acquired

confidence in himself and he lost in time the habit for which Lord Ellenborough had laughed at him of holding up and moving mechanically what the Chief Justice called "Campbell's eloquent fore-finger", or ~~at times~~ "digital impressiveness". The way was now open before him. In general nothing could be poorer or tamer than Campbell's delivery but he gradually improved, obtained variety of action & intonation and finally was always listened to with attention and sometimes even with admiration.

He once asked me why I had not in 1819 introduced his name among my "Criticisms on the Bar" and my reply was such as ~~[illegible]~~ without offending him (which was not easy) to induce him not to repeat the enquiry.

Lord Campbell's public life is of course too well known to render it necessary to say anything here. He has always been considered in the profession lucky in his verdicts, and apparently never more

more lucky than on one great occasion when he was Attorney General and defended a well known & much admired lady from an aspersion on her character, that she had intrigued with the Prime Minister of the day. The jury gave her an acquittal and I have more than once asked Lord Campbell if the politics of the time had not had much to do with the result. He never would give me a direct answer, but put a question in return whether I could possibly expect him to impugn a decision by which he had added so much to his own reputation and rescued that of the lady? The fact is that it was not at all reasonable to put such an unprofessional interrogatory.

His Lordship's early habits of composition upon any topic that would interest the readers of newspapers almost necessarily gave him a turn for literary ~~composition~~ pursuits

and in this spirit he addressed to me his celebrated Letter to prove that Shakespeare must have had something like a legal education. I had previously lent him important assistance in his Lives of the Lord Chancellors & Chief Justices, for which he repaid me by sundry dinners, one of them when his publisher Murray was present, to whom in fact I had originally introduced him; but his Lordship did not seem so much at his ease as usual: Lady Strathedan, who had an independent title, and was the eldest daughter Lord Abinger (Sir James Scarlet, who owed me a grudge for writing about his merits as long ago as 1819) we took pains to be very agreeable to succeeded. Lord Campbell usually makes a very good host, and is full of entertaining professional anecdote: this he sometimes designated by the unworthy name of "shop"

Talfourd, Sir Thomas Noon

I ~~have known~~ knew him from his boyhood: he was very early employed upon newspaper work of a humble description & never liked me when I was above him, & when he rose above me he hardly cared to know me. Yet we kept on reasonably good terms: I never had occasion to resort to him; but when he wanted something done that he thought I could and would do, he was civil & ~~obliging~~ obliging. We had many common friends or friends in common, but there was no cordiality between us. I dined with him & he with me; but always with large parties. I offended him once, not by finding fault, but not sufficiently praising his tragedy of "Glencoe" in 1839, but he smoothed down again and we remained on easy ~~speaking~~ terms, until he was made a Judge in ~~1849~~ 1850. From that date I never saw him but on the bench. His wife was ~~a~~ ~~very~~ the daughter of a very old friend of my father, John Powell

Rutt, one of those threatened to be prosecuted in 1794, but who, in consequence of the acquittal of Hardy never was prosecuted. As a girl she was frequently at my father's house, and, if I am not mistaken, the courtship began there. Talfourd was then a student of an Inn of Court; but I do not think he was married until he was called to the Bar.

His father kept a private mad-house in what were called Fulham Fields and was never very successful in life: he was sometimes assisted by his son Thomas who supported himself solely by what he was able to obtain from newspapers and magazines. For many years he wrote the theatrical articles in Bentley's Miscellany and he did so all the time Charles Dickens was its editor. The acquaintance of the two had commenced earlier but here it was cemented. Talfourd

was never above paying assi-
duous court to those who had
it in their power to serve him. I
had not met him for some con-
siderable time and meeting him
one day in the Parliament street
on his way from Westminster
Hall he asked me to call upon
him, then occupying a ~~very~~ small
house in Henrietta Street Brun-
wick Square: I did so and ~~he asked~~
I subsequently dined with him,
but I could not say much for
the housekeeping for Mrs Tal-
fourd was never a good manager.
A goose-pie was utterly uneatable
and one of the company afterwards
observed to me that the cook
must have forgotten to put it
in the oven. It was almost too near the
truth to be a joke. When Talfourd
got into Russell Square, and be-
fore he was made a judge matters
of this kind were not much better
managed. His housekeeping though
expensive, & even in some respects
extravagant was never satisfactory

He removed to Russell Square after he was made Serjeant, when his practice had much improved & he had improved in the manner in which he got through business: he left much to his juniors and took the flourish to himself. He was an able & voluble speaker, but not impressive and eloquent though not convincing. He was educated at the public School at Reading, to which Dr. Valpy had given a great impulse; and a popular & liberal candidate being wanted there, Talfourd stepped to his own surprise, for he told me so, was made a member of Parliament.

In the House of Commons he was very industrious, though not successful in incultating C. Dickens's views upon the law of copyright, to the carrying of which he had much devoted himself before he came into

Parliament. Dickens used to laugh at him not a little on account of the his loss of an opportunity of making a great speech upon the subject before the Lord Chancellor (Sir Nicholas Tolfourd) who, after hearing some ~~speakers~~ senior on the same side, told Talfourd that as he was entirely with him on the question he need not ~~[illegible]~~ trouble himself. Talfourd was condoled with by his intimate friends on the loss of the opportunity.

At the Duke Tal. about

fourd saw and went out into a great of company; & although he cannot be said to have become dissipated there is no doubt that he acquired a habit of drinking a great deal of wine: he however corrected it in a great degree before he was raised to the bench of the Common Pleas. He always had a peculiarly boyish & even baby face and

when in 1849 it was proposed to Lord Melbourne that Talfourd's services in the liberal cause & his labours in the law entitled him to be made a judge the Premier actually asked (as I learned from unquestionable authority how it was possible that a person with such a countenance could preside upon any important trial? However he was placed in a vacancy in the Common Pleas in 1850. On the bench he distinguished himself by his discretion: he usually said little even when sitting at Nisi prius on Circuit & his charges to Grand Juries, and his directions to other juries were never found fault with: not many new trials were granted in consequence of misdirection on his part.

I do not think that his elevation at all corrected his inclination for wine and

the last time I saw him I 7
remarked that his complexion
had a constant flush upon it.
He was never incompetent to
the discharge of his judicial
functions, but all his friends
lamented a propensity which
unquestionably hastened his
death, which occurred very sud-
denly four years after he be-
came a judge. Such an event
was not altogether unexpected
and I am told that he had se-
veral warnings, which however
he entirely disregarded.

I have said little re-
garding his productions, but I
have mentioned his tragedy
on the massacre of Glencoe, be-
cause it was, in some degree,
the occasion of a coldness be-
tween us which lasted to the
end of his career. I never
dined with him afterwards
nor he with me, excepting on

one occasion after the production of "The Hunchback" by Sheridan Knowles. I met him one day ~~in the~~ at Charing Cross just after he had been knighted, and I apologised for not having called to congratulate him & Lady Talfourd: "It is all very well said he to call her Lady Talfourd, but she is only the wife of a knight and she is not entitled to be called "my Lady" though it is generally done as a matter of courtesy". I replied that it might be so, and at all events it would not be safe to contradict a Judge: he smiled and I added that Sir George Young (Garter King at Arms) had informed me that even the wives of baronets were not ladyfied by that rank: in proof I mentioned that there were in the ~~parish~~ Church of the parish where I lived, two old tombstones recording the

of two baronets & their wives, the latter being there ~~sp~~ reply called Dames.

Before Talfourd "Glencoe" was acted he had written another tragedy called ~~Ion~~ "Ion" in which Macready had very successfully represented the hero. Talfourd had given me a copy of it and I considered it very superior to his second ~~attem~~ dramatic attempt. His "Athenian Captive" I never saw whether on or off the stage. His other works are generally trifles regarding his "ramble" on the continent, excepting his "Life and Letters of Charles Lamb" which came out in ~~1837~~ 1837. To Lamb he was a warm friend, and I often saw him at their different abodes, even before he was called to the bar.

Hannen, Sir James

His family was originally Irish: I became acquainted with him about 4 years after he had been called to the bar in 1848. ~~His father~~ He was born in 1821: consequently he is now in his 51st year. He told me that he got no business of any importance on the Home Circuit, but he persevered & added to his income by reporting for the newspapers. His father at one time was well off and told me that he had been in the commission of the peace for Surrey. He, his wife, two daughters and a son named Nicholas came to reside in a small cottage very near us and with them I became totally intimate, the old man being a great admirer of Shakespeare and our early dramatists.

Sir James Hannen has been the making or re-making of his family. Very soon after I became acquainted with him, the

Attorney General would what in the profession is called "a devil, a barrister who will do all the drudgery of his office, by looking up and looking over cases, indictments, pleadings &c and Hanner was recommended for his knowledge industry & capacity: this brought him into practice, for he did all his work in such a manner as to secure the best opinions: so he remained for several years, when a vacancy occurred among the Judges of the King's Bench, and as no better choice could be made he, though yet without a silk gown, was selected from behind the bar to fill the place of the junior puisne Judge: this was in ~~1867~~ 1868 and when Lord Penzance vacated his seat in the Divorce Court, it was thought that the duties could not by any body be better discharged than by Hanner

who

had been knighted just after his elevation to the Bench. Such are his duties now, and ever since he took them upon him nobody in the profession or out of it, has uttered the slightest murmur of dissatisfaction. He has also been made a privy councillor, and it is very possible that he has now reached the climax of advancement, unless, which is not improbable by the, like the two last judges of his Court, should be raised to the Peerage.

He has certainly been a fortunate man but nobody can assert truly that he does not merit what he has obtained.

What may have become of his other brothers (James was the eldest of the family) I do not know, but for his youngest brother Nicholas (who has married) he has obtained an appointment in India. The whole family are most agreeable & amiable: the father

was a cheerful conversible man and his son James has a most ~~agre~~ charming manner, a pleasant voice and a fluent delivery. I have never seen him since he was raised to the bench: while he was devil to the Attorney General he took an excellent house in Russell Square, and I believe that he continues to occupy it. There, at his request, I called upon him.

Barrow John Henry

Was born about 1800 and when I knew him first, he was clerk to Cullefford an insurance-broker & his uncle. He wrote & printed a poem on the Battle of Talavera, or one of the other Victories of Wellington, of which he gave me a copy, I read it & thought it a clever-ish imitation of the style of Scott, but without originality. He then in some way became connected with the "Times," & having taught himself short-hand, went into the gallery of the H. of Commons and did well. C. Dickens was his nephew by the mother's side and when about 1835 he and others started the "Daily News" Barrow left the "Times", where he received five guineas a week and obtained, as he told me, 18 guineas a week from the Daily News. In the service of

that paper he was sent out to India in order to establish a correspondence there. He returned re infecta, or something like it, spent a great deal of money and got into disgrace with his nephew and others who had engaged with him in the speculation. Barrow never did well afterwards: he was discharged from the "Daily News" & tried in vain to get again upon the "Times". It was a principle with that paper never to take back any man who had once left it, especially for employment on a rival newspaper.

Barrow and I were never intimate and on one occasion brought his mistress to my house at Hammersmith and introduced her to my family as his wife. This was unpardonable and I never saw him again for years, when one day, about ~~[illegible]~~ 1850 he accosted me in

the Strand looking miserably shabby (he had been a smart dresser) and dispirited. I had intended to pass him but he followed me and asked me to lend him a few shillings as he was in the last & lowest stage of poverty. I had nothing but a sovereign in my pocket and I thought it too much to give, but looking at his beggary I presented it to him. He said that he now & then earned a little by assisting in cataloguing books at Egerton's Military Library. This was the last I saw of him, and, as I heard, he died not very long afterwards

He tired out his friends & relations, and C. Dickens (whose father had married Barrow's sister) never would hear him or hear of him. John Barrow had ~~a brother~~ a brother, a clerk in the Admiralty, Somerset House who died early having broken

his though I do not know how many times owing to the sarcophagous character of his bones. He had another brother Edward, who had a large family, and was employed on the Morning Herald, I believe, as long as it existed.

The Dickens family at last ignored all relationship. At one time (after he had been called to the bar) nobody had a much better chance than John Barrow; but he declined a good appointment to India. ~~at a time~~ when he was in full feather in London: this place, I was told, had been obtained for him by his gifted nephew, when in the height of his popularity.

Hazlitt, William

Son of the famous Critic and very original thinker, William Hazlitt, author of many remarkable books.

William Hazlitt, junior ~~must have been~~ was born in ~~about~~ the year 1811: his mother was Miss Stoddart, daughter of the Dr Stoddart who was long connected with the "Times". Where he was educated is not known, but in 1826 he was at a preparatory school at Brompton, kept by Mr Warne. When next we hear of him he was one of the reporters of the Morning Chronicle: this was about the year 1835; and in that capacity he continued for a good many years. He was called to the bar in 1844 but did not devote himself so much to the law as to newspapers, for several of which, weekly & diurnal he was a writer. When the Court of Bankruptcy was established Lord Brougham made Hazlitt one

Registrars, several other gentlemen connected with the press (including Mr Roche, Mr Spring Rice, Mr James Brougham &c) being appointed to similar offices. Hazlitt married in 1833, and his eldest son, William Carew Hazlitt, was born in the next year, Carew, the favourite sculptor to Lord Egremont, being his godfather. This son (grandson, of course to the Critic) was educated at Merchant Taylor's School under Dr Hervey, and was called to the bar in 1861, but has never practised ~~devoting~~ applying himself very assiduously and successfully to early English literature: he has done much in this department, his first attempt having been a reprint of "Constable's Sonnets" in 1859. His latest ~~investigations~~ labours have been applied to a projected new edition of Warton's Hist. Engl. Poetry. His father still continues one of the Registrars of the Bankrupt Court, and discharges the duties of his office very efficiently. I may here TO

introduce an anecdote of W. Hazlitt's father, whom I had known from my boyhood. His first wife, Miss Stoddart had died about 1825, and he was in the greatest difficulty to obtain money, after he left the Morning Chronicle. One day I met him in the Strand, looking quite cheerful and smartly dressed. "Well, Collier (he exclaimed) you will be glad to hear that I am married again. I have just married £400 a year & the woman in is not so bad neither." They did not live long together & she had not parted with power over her money; so that Hazlitt was quickly again in want ~~almost of the necessaries of life~~. Still he could not refrain from racket-playing, and at his death, some years after 1832 he was much in debt to the Keeper of the Court. I forget when it was pulled down, but I think it was not until after I removed to Brompton.

Bacon, Sir James.

Having been born in ~~1798~~ 1798 James Bacon is now seventy five years old. He was called to the bar as long since as 1827, and it is said is the son of a barrister; but I have heard that his father was a solicitor, ~~[illegible]~~ not successful and who died much in debt. He had three sons (besides daughters) James, Francis and Henry: Francis was sent to Oxford, but did not distinguish himself; ~~but~~ neither James nor Henry had that advantage, but the latter for some years acted as a Chancery Draughtsman, while James pursued the more popular branch of the profession, going the Home Circuit, and taking briefs at various country courts of Session. In this respect he was contemporary with and rival to Thesiger, who much outstripped him, and ultimately became Lord Chancellor, with the title of Baron Chelmsford. Bacon married the daughter of

as Attorney, never in very flourishing circumstances, and at one time confined in the Fleet. However, it introduced Bacon to some business, and late in life he was taken up & employed by a very large & prosperous firm in Lincolns Inn Fields, in which a nephew of mine by marriage was afterwards a partner. This was the more fortunate because Bacon found he could not compete with the Sponger, especially at the Surrey Sessions, and was in considerable difficulties. He had added almost all to his finances by ~~his~~ a connexion with the Times on which he acted as a general reporter; and he introduced his brother Francis to the paper, who continued in its pay till his death about 20 years ago.—

James Bacon seldom came into the gallery of the House of Commons, except when some very heavy debate was expected; and as he now constantly took his seat in the Court of Chancery Bacon's services upon the Times, as far

as law was concerned, were usually limited to that Court. At the same he attended Theatres when new pieces or new performers appeared, and I have several times dined with him when his party consisted of actors & actresses: on one occasion I remember old Mathews & his wife, Dunn (Treasurer of Drury Lane) and his wife, Meadows, Munden, Burn and his wife, and I think more whose names I forget, were present. This was in Coram Street, where he resided until he obtained a silk gown: he subsequently ~~and~~ became Commissioner of Bankrupts for London, ~~when he~~ and removed to Bedford Place.

He was always personally much liked & by degrees, though they were slow ones, he got into good practice at the Chancery Bar, Thesiger always being his good & serviceable friend. He had relinquished all connexion with the Times a year or two before he obtained his silk gown

but as he parted from the paper on good terms it was disposed on all occasions to aid him. Those who quitted it against the wishes of the proprietors were sure, sooner or later, to experience its animosity. Such has been my own case and friends of mine who continued attached to the Times long after I had quitted it have told me over & over again that I should never be forgiven: I not only seceded from the Times, but obtained a higher salary on a rival paper, so that I doubly offended. Bacon was appointed Chief Judge of the Bankruptcy Court, under the new system, ~~in~~ at the close of 1869, and in the summer of 1870 he was appointed Vice Chancellor, but he still remained the ~~head of~~ Chief Judge in Bankruptcy. He was not made a Knight Bachelor until the beginning of 1871.

Chadwick, Edwin C.B.

This person now carries himself very high and enjoys a pension of £1000 a year, but tiny knowledge he began merely as a police-reporter in the Lord Mayor's Court and was paid by newspaper proprietors at a penny a line. I knew him so for many years; but when Brougham began his poor-laws reforms, established his Board and wanted industrious assistance in setting the machinery to work & keeping it going Chadwick got introduced to him as a person well versed in knowledge of the poor of the metropolis, having seen so much variety of misery in the course of his duties in the City. Brougham employed him & found him so very useful & industrious that he got Chadwick the office of Secretary to the new Poor-law Board. There he continued for some years & the farther made himself serviceable

Parkes, Joseph

It is not generally known that Parkes was at one time regularly engaged on the Morning Chronicle, at so much a week; but the fact is so, and Sir John Easthope is my authority. Not very long after Easthope became proprietor he engaged Parkes to furnish intelligence from the Reform & other Clubs, but as business increased the connexion did not last long and Parkes was under the necessity of employing a very coarse but active & unscrupulous fellow of the name of Cropper (alias "Cope-pot" and "Vacumpton") to aid him in the various election matters upon which the Liberal party ~~employed him~~ made use of Parkes as agent.

Parkes came originally from Birmingham & he was just the same age as my brother Richard, having been born in 1795. He looked like a slow man, and owing to an early complaint in his throat had a difficulty in speaking, so that at

public meetings & elections. He could say nothing for his friends; but he was in fact very clever and did not hesitate to do many things that they could not do for themselves: if they were very dirty, he called in the aid of Coppock and compelled him to bear the brunt of the business.

Thus Parker made a great deal of money and took a large house in George Street Westminster having first married ~~a Miss Jones~~ his wife producing him only one boy. He was very plausible and always full of professions which he did not care to realize: frank in his manner but hollow hearted. He was for years of his youth a close ally of my brother Richard his contemporary, but as Parker got on in the world they became estranged. Parker was a considerable ~~pretended~~ pretender to literary attainment and talked largely about books he had

never read or perhaps heard of: he dined with us on my birthday 11th Jan 1815 and I resolved to play him a trick. The conversation turned upon metaphysics of which I knew nothing & Parkes was loud in his laudations of some Scotch writers upon the subject: I ~~asked~~ pretended to ask for information whether he had read a particular book by Baird upon innate ideas, quoting the very title of the supposed work. "Oh! yes" cried Parkes, not dreaming of the trap "I know every word of it: it is only a day or two since I finished it." I ~~did~~ laughed in my sleeve, but I did not expose him at the table, tho' my father & family afterwards enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of Parkes: he and "Baird on Innate Ideas" afterwards became a sort of ~~pun~~ proverb in the family.

He was ~~in~~ practice as a solicitor for many years, but his business almost solely related to Elections & Election contests; and

I remember that when I was at ~~Lewis~~ Lewes, when Earthrope was candidate there a correspondence, headed always "private & confidential" was kept up with Parker; but I do not think that he or the whig party furnished any part of the £1500 Earthrope unsuccessfully expended there. Parker sent an agent down but he did nothing and he was not remunerated by the candidate, but I suppose out of the fund.

I frequently met Parker ~~after I returned~~ when I happened to be in London after I had retired from to Maidenhead; and he invariably addressed me thus: "Collier, my dear fellow, you never come to see me now: you must eat a mutton chop with me one of these days. I will write to you when I have a party you will like to meet; but he never did write, and after a time just as he began this usual form of speech, I did not give him time to end the sentence but walked away. The

fact is I always, from the very first had a great contempt for him: he was not hollow-headed, but hollow-hearted: his talents were very considerable, and his industry at times great and I have heard Ld Brougham, no great authority on the point, praise Parkes' book "A History of the Court of Chancery" published ~~[illegible]~~ in 1828. It was not Brougham, but the liberal party who about twenty-five years ago gave Parkes the office of "Taxing Master" in the Court of Chancery. He affected to think & talk slightly of it, as if the place were below his merits & expectations, but I happened to meet him in Palace Yard on the very day of his appointment and congratulated him upon it "Age, age, my dear fellow, it is very well, ~~no~~ but not much of a matter to rejoice at after my long services — only £1000 a year: it will ~~just~~ do to retire upon, and that is all."

His edition of Milton for wch Pickering gave Parkes a small sum (he never gave large) I have never seen.

T B

He knew just ~~about~~ as much about Milton as Milton knew about him. Ridiculous!

Hayward, Abraham

Does not look it to be remembered that he ever wrote or contributed for a newspaper but the fact is so: he was at one time in very great straits and translated, among other productions a very amusing piece of Danish autobiography, of which he gave me a copy with his name in it, asking me as a great favour to notice it in the Morning Chronicle: that is many years ago, and what has become of the small book in my not unfrequent removals I do not know.

When Tho. Campbell, the poet, first established the Club which he called The Literary Union, Hayward became a member of it, and he belonged to it some time after the name was changed to the Clarence: from thence he went to the Athenæum, where he plays whist every night and is, as well as thinks himself, a good player. He is an ill tempered discontented man & is one among the many who com-

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plain that the world has not done justice to him by not making him a judge. He has been for many years the Editor of the Law Magazine, & has done well in that capacity, so as to make it a sort of authority.

Thirty or more years ago I was rather intimate with him, or he, rather, intimate with me, for I could then at times be of service to him. It is now some years since I saw him. He has a little property, but the main source of his income is the Law Magazine. He belongs to a clique of card-players at the Athenaeum who nightly meet & play together for half-crowns, & admit no other competitors, or very unwillingly and in the distress of the case. Personally he is disliked & a little feared, often saying, & sometimes doing ill-natured things, when he can do so without responsibility.

I do not know, but for his wife's sake, I hope he is not married.

I do not recollect the particulars, but when Hayward was made a Queen's Counsel his Inn of Court refused to make him a bencher: he appealed in vain against the decision and by applying for a mandamus, but the Court would not interfere & deciding that the Judges had no power. ~~to compel the~~ this must have occurred about 10 years ago. The fact is that Hayward bears the character of a wild conceited fellow.

Campbell, John

How adequately to account for this man's extraordinary elevation I do not know.

I was first acquainted with him as long since as 1804-5 when he was one of the corps of reporters belonging to the Morning Chronicle. He was then most shabby & even poverty-stricken in his exterior — almost without a shoe to his foot and wearing most threadbare clothes. He had previously been in such distress for money that when on account of the newspaper he was attending the Old Bailey Sessions a friend of mine and a most trustworthy man who belonged to ~~the~~ the corps of the Morning Advertiser (Alex. Nichols) assured me that he had paid for ~~his~~ Campbell's a la mode beef dinner ~~one~~ at Mapleson's eating-house, near the Court, because Campbell had not a single shilling in his pocket. This statement I firmly believe, and I believe

also that Campbell repaid the money. At this date he had only three guineas a week from the newspapers, but to meet him in the street, as I often did, he appeared rather as if his pay were only 3 shillings and not three guineas, though that was then under the usual rate of pay for reporters.

Perry of the Morning Chronicle had imported Campbell from Scotland shortly after the commencement of the century, & for his three guineas a week he was bound to do anything — to report in Parliament, to attend public meetings, to criticise plays & music, and to collect paragraphs of news. He was then about 25 years old and I, ~~who~~ when was only seventeen years old had a considerably larger salary from the Times.

Yet this poor beggarly Scotchman in 1806 became a barrister of Lincoln's Inn in 1806, became a bencher in 1827; obtained a Silk-gown and was appointed Solicitor General in

1832 and Attorney General two years afterwards: in 1841 he was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in 1850 & lastly became the very head of the profession as Lord Chancellor.

This was a wonderful career of continued success, and in the face of all the undisputed talent and learning ~~that~~ the bar could then boast.

I do not call to mind the first time he opened his mouth in Court, but I well remember him in his first year, and I assert with confidence that, confident, aye impudent, as he afterward became he could then hardly open his mouth to deliver two consecutive sentences: he was frightened to death by Lord Ellenborough, and I heard him say in private at about that date that he ~~should~~ must give up the profession. He was then far from a hard reader and used to sit up late in the night to enjoy

Horace Twiss

There was, perhaps in England no man more to be pitied that Horace Twiss: I knew him before he was twenty when a flourishing young fellow, not by any means a contemptible speaker, & though so young full of self-confidence. He was the nephew of Mrs Siddons, and many people imagined that he was destined to rise to eminence

The first I ever saw of him was when I was about 12 or 13 when my Father & Mother took me to a debating Club held at the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street. I have no recollection of the subject of discussion, but as strangers were allowed to take part in the debate, my Father spoke with a good deal of fluency, his theme (not infrequently repeated) being "Honesty is the best policy". I will remember Horace Twiss, for the greater effect, taking his place near the end of the not very crowded room and frequently using a white handkerchief. He was voluble but as I thought rather cowardly but he was loudly and repeatedly applauded and after his display much congratulated. I heard him again afterwards frequently but not at the Globe:

my father and mother at about that date being forum-hunters, sometimes, I think at Clerkenwell; but at that there were several popular debating places, where among others I heard Waterall, Gale Jones & Robinson and some whose names I have forgotten Twiss was one of the number.

I now missed seeing Twiss for a number of years: indeed I doubt if I heard him until he with considerable difficulty got into the House of Commons for Wotton Bassett. They was a great triumph for him and he took a House on Richmond Terrace, and under the Tories & the Duke of Wellington was made one of the Secretaries for the Treasury: in that capacity he had to introduce some of the annual estimates; and though there was considerable dispute about, he was generally considered not to have failed. He afterwards did better and worse but nobody seemed to reckon upon him as an advocate for public measures. His great triumph was when the Duke of Wellington consented to dine with him. That was his climax; and afterwards he descended rapidly in the scale – lost his seat in Parliament and of course his place in the Treasury

He was unable to return to Parliament for any other borough – indeed I do not know that

he tried; and then he sank again quite into the back-ground. I do not think he was ever called to the Bar

The next time I saw him was at a dinner at Charles Kemble's after Fanny K came out and she was flourishing in her stage honours. He was dull and obviously depressed and I think did not like my company, knowing that I had often seen him in his plumage & really pitied him in his fall. He had got himself into no good odour by a Tom-Moorish pub. entitled "Parliamentary Paradis" certainly clever, but just not clever enough

At this date he was very ill off both for money & employment: his hair turned very grey with his disappointments, & where should I see him next but in the House of Commons, not as a member, but allowed to sit in a seat ~~under the~~ in front of the clerks, allowed to be there in a sort of petty sufferance taking short notes of the proceedings and sending them to the Times Office where they were daily printed. From my seat in the Reporter's Gallery I most heartily pitied him

Last of all I saw a paragraph, I think in The Times that Mr Horace Twiss had died suddenly in his bed room of angina pectoris. My belief is that the poor fellow took poison but I do not know it as a fact.

Rec'd
B. M. Lee

Horace Twiss